

Miscellaneous
Essays and Poems
R. Ho. Nassau

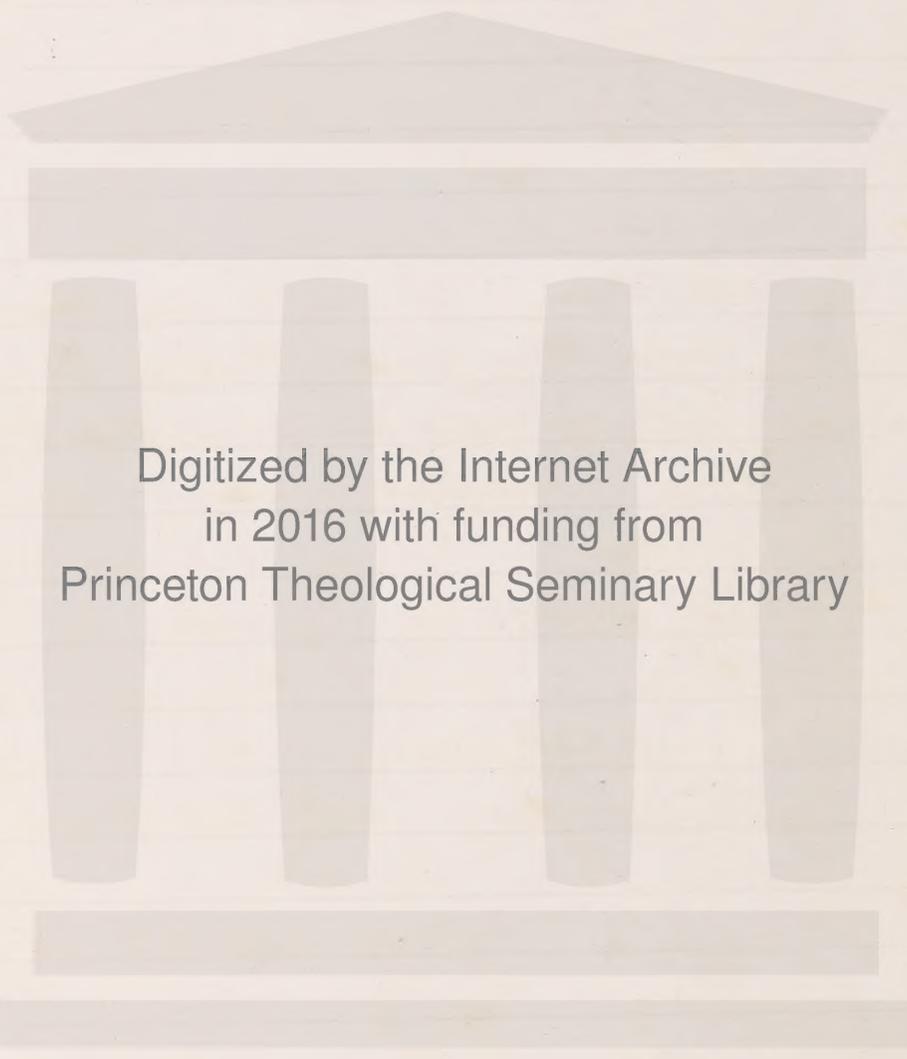
1848 — 1861.

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VOL IV MISCELLANEOUS.

[Essays and poems:]

Robert Hamill Nassau



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Preface to Volume fourth.

In transcribing my fugitive pieces in the previous three books, I have endeavored to preserve the chronological order of their production. But in looking over my papers, I find, that a number of minor writings have been omitted.

However ashamed I may be of my paternal relation to them, & however little these "children of the brain" may be worthy of preservation, I insert them in a miscellaneous collection at this point; my object being to retain all that I have ever written.

Sept. 11th, 1858.

The following attempt in verse, is my first effort at rhythmical production of which I have any memory. Indeed it is the first writing of which I have any copy. I remember writing several small "compositions" for father, before November 1849, when I entered La Fayette College, but of these I have ^{no} transcripts, & no recollection, except that the title of the first one was, "Punishment Certain."

(Possibly this was suggested by some personal experience). At all events this "maiden" essay was based on the adage, "Be sure your sins will find you out"; this was illustrated by the case of Cain. This is all I remember of it.

This "Song", has no date, but the last stanza of the last "Canto" (I obtained that word, at the time, from "Robley") shows it was written in a summer. I am certain it was not during a ^{after} ~~before~~ the summer of 1849. I am under the impression, it was written during my 13th year, in 1848.

Excepting the alteration of punctuation marks

3. Three cases of orthography, I have made a verbatim copy. In the little book of 12 pages in which it was written there are three "illustrations" in water colors.

The 1st is descriptive of "But lifted it & down it came" (Canto 1. stanza 2.) Scene: the foot of College Hill at Easton, - the Bushkill bridge, Mr Green's mill - the Hill, a Buttonwood tree by the steps, - a pile of oak boards, one of wh. I have just lifted & finding it too heavy have let it fall. Charles is with me.

The 2^d is descriptive of The Arrival at Home, (Canto 2. stanza 1.) Scene: the dining room, - breakfast dishes set on the table: Charles, having already seen the bloody Joe, is less concerned; Ma, Lillie & Lizzie are hastening to assist.

The 3^d is descriptive of Misery on Misery. Scene: My bed-room, which opens into parents' room. In my room are a bedstead & a chair; I am sitting half-undressed by my single-bed & rubbing my Toes.

4
Carmen de meis Pedibus.

Canto First.

Accidents will happen in this life of ours,
And thorns are mixed with jayest flowers.

1
Come listen to me, children,
A story I shall tell;
It happened to me, children,
When my Joe "use't'r was" well

2
Some weeks ago, my friends, you know,
In going down to town,
A log I saw; I thought no more,
But lifted it; & down
It came upon my Joe,
And hurt it as you all do know.

3
But on I went, as I was sent,
My business for to do;
Yet back again, I felt the pain,
A-grumbling through my Joe.

4

Then on the ground, I sat me down,
 And pulled off my shoe,
 And the blood I saw, an inch or more,
 A-oozing from my Toe.

5

Then up the Hill, with a forced will,
 And hast'ning steps I go;
 Though now 'twas pain, I knew 'twould be gain,
 For my poor aching Toe.

6

And glad was I, when I'd descy
 Our house in the distance,
 For I knew that thence, was the place whence,
 I should receive assistance.

7

So when I got there, I sat down in a chair,
 And told my tale of woe, (horror
 It turned the news more, & increased the
 When I showed my bleeding Toe,
 End of Canto first.

6

Canto Second.

Hear! that our great-parents of the apple parlor,
And thus the ways of wisdom, pleasure & ease in work.

Behold me seated in a chair,
With sisters gathered round,
With bandages a-tying up.
Am bleeding, aching wound.

It being fixed, I limped up stairs,
And sat down there,
And myself for an imprisonment
I tried to prepare.

Being planted in the cushion,
Some calculations I did make,
For my Toe to get well,
How long it would take.

4

I thought three or four weeks would suffice
 To heal up my sore;
 But three weeks passed, - 'twas still as bad,
 And I knew it would take many more
 3

I thought I'd be well by the 4th of July,
 And celebrate it gladly.
 But when the 4th did come, I lie
 In bed, a-groaning sadly.
 6

The day the accident fell on me
 The fields were waving green;
 The scene is very much changed now,
 For the ripened shocks are seen.
 7

But all things must have an end,
 (Hope my sore will have one too)
 May fate the warrant of liberty send,
 And thus put an end to my woe!
 End of Canto second.

Canto - Third

As brothers sympathize with brother,
So my Tocs do, one with another.

In the meantime my other Tocs,
In rebellion do's rise:
Incited to it I suppose,
By its brother's piteous cries.

The facts, my friend, are these;
I was rubbing & creating ^{the} my Tocs,
And ("your honors may it please")
Twas that that hurt it so.

Though the contest be long & painful,
Yet still I shall hope for the best;
Till the sun of rebellion, which lately rose in the east,
Forever shall set in the west.

4

And when the rebellion shall be quelled at last,
 And my government in quietness be,
 I shall have "indemnity for the past,
 And for the future, security".

5

My Joe is but a small part
 Of the R. H. Nassawan domain;
 But when for its rights it does start,
 It causes much sorrow & pain.

6

When June came smiling on,
 This accident befall me;
 And July with its bright sun,
 In pain beheld me;
 But "Brown August", I hope, Will put an end to my woes,
 Soon after I thus put an end To this "Song of my Joes."
 End of Canto Third.

End.

Easton, Pa.

10
A Farewell
to Miss. Breckenridge.

Think not of me in pleasure's hour,
When joy thy cup o'er-flows,
And thou dost sip from every flower
The sweets that fancy knows.
Nor let a thought of me e'er cast
A shade o'er life's glad way,
To darken, with the things now Past,
The brightness of To-day.

When lovelier wreaths thy brow have crowned,
Placed by another's hands,
Forget that Friendship e'er us bound
Within her "silken bands".
Yet think not that of little worth
That friendship I would prize;
Thou knowest a worthier one may claim
The favor of thine eye.

Sept. 1853.
Princeton. N.J.

11

The following were written, shortly before
my graduation, for the Autograph-Books of
my College friends.

To Mr. Wm. T. Morrison of N. Y.

The heart knows not the value
Of a cherished prize, its own,
Till it learns by Time's sad lessons
When that object loved is gone.

We mourn for Autumn's withered leaves
More than we gazed o'er Spring's glad flowers;
We love more than the heart conceives
Till what we love, no longer ours.

Thus, thus it is with Friendship's band;
We think we've tied a Gordian knot,
Till Time or ~~Death~~ ^{Death} with stronger hand
Severs the chain, - gives each his lot.

Feb. 1854.

Princeton, N. J.

To Mr. H. E. Brown of Bedloe's Island N. Y.

Turn thee not downward, to disgrace & shame
For side, nor get from where thy footsteps came;
Look inward; then list thou to Reason's cry;
Look up, where fame & life eternal lie.

March. 1854.
Princeton. N. J.

To Mr. Jas S. Halsey of Newark. N. J.

Says one "Let us live; for if in the future we
need to sigh o'er the past, our living has been
only a dying."

It's better not to live,
Than live to sigh;
For they who thus do live,
Live but to die.

March. 1854.
Princeton. N. J.

To Mr. Jas T. Coleman
of Vicksburg. Missi.

Stay one moment ~~ere~~ you sever
Clustred heart bands which may never
More in this world united be;
My friend, I pray, forget not me.

March. 23^d. 1854
Princeton. N. J.

To Mr. Chas H. Young
of Orange Co. N. Y.

Friend, not alone the Grave shall win
A high and lasting fame,
But they who, live, are also good,
And wear a prouder name.

April 14th. 1854.
Princeton. N. J.

To Mr. D. Owen Davis
of St. Louis, Mo.

An Allegory.

You & I were standing in a vast wilderness, -
yet not a desert; it was a neglected Eden.
The unsupported Ivy had cast its clambering
tendrils about the Reed, & the fallen, broken
mass lay prostrate in the dust. The Oak
was dying by the insidious workings and
lightening clasp of the poisonous Parasite
which its own roots had nourished.
Good was here & there, but Evil was between.

A Plant was growing near us;
it was of spontaneous growth, & I had
watched the daily accretions of strength its
fragile form received. And while I gazed
at it, two Forms, one of a sad, the other
of a joyous mien, came between us; and
the Sad One plucked up our Plant.
But while I grieved, the joyous One trans-

15
- ferred it to her bosom; & it revived, & it
lived.

Though Separation may interrupt the
Friendship that has grown up in our little
World, in Memory's hands let it be
revived & cherished.

May, 1854.

Princeton, N.J.

Another effusion addressed to 'Mr. Henry
C. Alexander of N.Y.', may be found
on page 87 of Volume 3.

When I say these were written for "my
college friends", I do not mean to say
that I had no other friends than those whose
names are here addressed. For others I wrote
in prose.

My Valentine.
to Miss Miriam Jennison

My — beautiful & fair,
Tell me how to woo thee,
Open love I can not dare,
Teach me how to see thee.

My . My . beautiful My .
With the lute-voice tell me how,
Speak unto thy sighing lover
While I bow before thee low.

My . beautiful & fair,
Turn thy blue eye on me,
No stars rays can seek compare,
While the dark blue I see.

My . My . beautiful My .
Let the eye its answer give
If the lute-voice is unable,
Look, & let the suppliant live.

— Me. . beautiful & fair,
 Though dear thy voice & eye,
 Yet these may stern Time impair;
 'Tis for thyself I'd die.

Me. . Me. . beautiful Me. .

Let me know by some dear sign,
 If the voice or eye can't tell me,
 May I be your Valentine?

Feb. 1855.

Laurenceville, N. J.

Affliction from God, Just.

"Thou destroyest the hope of man". Man is prideful; any hope that he cherishes in op-
-position to God shall therefore fail.

The lightning, the storm, the
denouncing flame, the pestilence are his
messengers to destroy the hopes & frustrate the
plans of those who rise against him.

Let men, in the prosecution of their secular
business attempt to override God's law, &
they will find themselves miserably failing.

For the sake of gain; for the hope of
increasing their pecuniary resources, let
man transgress the sacred hours of the
Sabbath, - injure his fellow, - or in any
way lift a rebellious hand against God,
& sudden destruction will overtake him
& his hopes.

It is thus that against the wicked God's holy
anger is excited. Sometimes also, he destroy

the hopes of his own children. But the stroke comes in kindness. His chastisements, whether to saint or sinner are less than deserved;

"His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt."

God never blasts any hope, whose realization would be for man's benefit. We too much make our pleasures our idols, forgetting the One who should be supreme in our hearts; we love the creature more than the Creator. God therefore destroys those hopes which we make peculiarly our own, - part of ourselves, - & which, in becoming such, become sinful.

Though we do thus walk over the graves of our cherished hopes, let us not repine, for we have much, very much, for which to praise God.

The frailty of many of our hopes, only teaches that we should not rely too

much upon them; that our hearts should
be set "upon things above & not upon things
on the earth." For surely man is not
forever doomed to disappointment. There
must be a place or time, when & where
hope will be realized. Heaven is such
a place.

May, 1856.

Lawrenceville, N. J.

An Epithalamium

written by request, for the Album of
Mrs E. F. Nassau. (Dow Jos. E. Nassau)

Life's morning brightly gleameth,
 Young Bride for thee;
 Its glittering ray far streameth
 Out on thy sea.
 God speed, as thy bark saileth
 On its bright way;
 And grant strength that availeth
 As is thy day;
 Yet, - (as the Day-god setteth
 That stars may rise,
 And a harp, stricken, beggetteth
 Its harmonies) -
 I wish not life that knoweth
 No cloud, for thee.
 But, when the storm-wind bloweth;
 God, thine may be.

Oct. 21. 1856.

An Acrostic ^{poem}
written at request of Miss H. Wallace
of Platte City, Mo.
for her Album.

Hoping and fearing,
With grief oft oppressed;
Evermore nearing
A haven of rest;
Longing, joy to greet,
Life's voyage when o'er,
Every while 'tis sweet,
Ling'ring on the shore,
Name, to discover,
And know they shall be
Carved thy tablets o'er,
Ever, O! Memory.

July. 1857.
Platte City, Mo.

Ideal.

A Confession

supposed to be addressed to a realized ideal.

Occasioned by Miss . . .

Sitting in the yellow Autumn,
 When the saddest thoughts arise;
 Listening to the dirge of Winter,
 Dirges when the Old Year dies;
 Roaming in the blithesome Spring-time,
 Where the unfettered brooklets play;
 Musing on the lap of Summer,
 Shaded from the glare of day;

Everywhere, O! everywhere,

Lady, I have met you,
 Not as now & here; but, - then,

Lady, I have seen you.

Seen you daily; seen you nightly;

Daily, when earth's cares were round me,

Nightly, when still slumber bound me,

All the future seeming brightly.

2

Lady, wonder not, nor tell me
 How but lately we have met;
 That is true which I have told thee.
 Sure, 'tis not a mystery yet?
 Like the Jesu's Magic Birth-star,
 Guiding to his new-found home,
 Ever there has been before me, -
 Wherever my foot-steps roam, -
 Everywhere, O! everywhere,
 Lady, my Ideal,
 Unseen, Hereto, by my Ken, -
 Only now made Real;
 Hovering like a guardian angel
 Over the chequered path of life;
 In the dim and misty strife,
 Cheering as a sweet evangel.

But the star which led the Magi
 Shone with no delusive light;
 Brought them to the humble ~~dwelling~~^{cottage},
 Gave the God-Child to their sight;
 While the fate that led me to thee
 Did indeed my Ideal show,
 Yet that fatal star has showed me
 Happiness I ne'er may know.
 Nevermore, O! nevermore,
 Lady, shall I see thee,
 Parted to a distant shore,
 Lady, I must leave thee.
 Yet thou art forever with me,
 And I still must love the Ideal
 And the Real, though the Real
 Tells, "it might have been"; may not be."
 June 9th 1858.
 Columbia: Pa.

Boquet Melodis.

To Miss Helen Burston.

Number One; *Spiraea*.

1
Sweet simple flower, thou bringest me
A joy unknown before,
For she has given thee to me;
O! dare I hope for more?

2
Most blessed gift! because she gave,
Unlooked for & unought,
A treasure, which into my soul
Keen happiness has brought.

3
It tells my trembling, fainting heart,
That in her bosom fair,
No sentiment of advise part,
Toward me is sheltered there.

4

It gave a hope, - one little hope,
 My love shall not be vain,
 O! when a gift unasked is given,
 May I not hope again?

5

July 15. 1858.
 Warsaw. N. Y.

Number Two, - Mist - tree.

1

The sunlight on her sunny hair,
 Gleamed through the shady grove,
 And sitting by her pensive there,
 I almost told my love.

2

Her gentle fingers thoughtlessly
 Toned with the summer flower,
 Its petals plucked & cast away,
 While passed the happy hour.

3

I craved the flower, ^{she} thus destroyed;
 If 'twas no use to her,
 To me from her, it had a wealth,
 A Midas might confer.

4

Ah! happy heart; the gift she grants
 And adds the tree-of-mist.
 Perhaps the flower a meaning haunts?
 In what does it consist?

5

There is indeed a mystery;
 Even while I hope, 'tis gone;
 I hope for what may never be;
 Yet, yet, will I hope on.

July 23. 1858.
 Warsaw. N. Y.

Number Three.
Pansy ; Thought

The joys that rapt my charmed mind
Were suddenly to part,
For she was soon to haste away,
And leave me sad of heart.

2

Ah! I would surely happier been,
These joys need to have known,
Than fear that I may never win
To call them all my own.

3

And wilt thou say the word farewell?
And must I only grieve?
Ere for the future e'er a hope,
My sadness to relieve.

4

She placed alone a fragile flower
From those I thus had sought,
And giving them she modest said,
"There's Pansy ; that's for thought."

Now, mad, wild brain, contain thy joy!
Didst bid me think of thee?

Keep thou the Pansy; I've no need,
If thou wilt think of me.

Aug. 4. 1858.

W. Loring. N. Y.

A Prayer

Giver of every good & perfect gift!
 Thy gifts have been most great & undeserved.
 A, most unworthy, stand thus, year by year,
 Recipient of Thy richest mercy drops.
 For thee my barren heart, hitherto, has brought
 No fruitful offering.

Still, I ask for more;
 Thy mercies past incite me still to ask.
 Father in Heaven! I ask thee not for wealth,
 No power, nor fame, deceptive, fleeting, vain;
 No yet for luxury with its easy rest.
 I ask Thy Spirit's blessed boon, - a soul's
Salvation, - not my soul, - Thou gavest that.
 No not for self I ask, - mayhap I do? -
 And if, O God! thus selfishly I ask,
 Thou wilt not grant.

My God! I scarce know how
 Or why I pray; yet must I pray. My heart,
 Deep in despair's fierce flame, will burn & burn,

If not a hope to Thee I raise.

O Lord!

Thou know'st. I tell Thee all my heart. I bring
Upon my lips the name of One I love.

Thee as my God, I love; her with the love
Thou first taught man. If Thou she love not, more,
I dare not. Was it sin for me to love?

Oh! if she be a child of Thine; if in her soul
Regenerating grace has formed anew
The image of my God, while yet her doubts
Prevent the eye of faith from seeing Thee,
Because that faith is weak; - O! of that grace
Assurance give, & let her know that she
Is Thine! Bid her the blessed truth to know
And feel; then let her at Thy table tell
To all the joyful news.

But if, O! God,

Thou be not formed, as yet, in her "the hope
Of glory", then more earnestly I do
Beseech Thee add this jewel to Thy crown.
E'en Thou, on earth, didst love the youthful one

Who yet "one thing" did lack. O Christ! adorn,
 With Heaven's rich ornament, her mind & heart,
 And make her youth & spirit's loveliness
 More beautiful in earnest love to Thee.

I can not rest while she doth wander yet
 From safety-ark of heav'n. Spirit of Grace!
 That Jesus whom I love, help her to love
 In deed & truth from pure heart fervently.
 Bid her sing happily. "I, Jesus, have".

To Thy great glory would it not redound,
 O! God, to save her soul & make her Thine?
 Grant this one boon, & to my yearning heart
 Give joy unutterable.

"Thy will, not mine."

I well can say, knowing Thy will it is
 That those who seek Thee shall be saved. For Thee,
 She long has sought, & finding not, doth mourn,
 O! Jesus, show her where Thou art & bid her live,
 Her live.

In mercy grant my prayer, O! God;
 And if a motive wrong has entered in;

Forgive. Thy richest gift, not in my name,
But in the Name of Thy dear Son, I crave.
O! Lord, in Him I hope; I hope in Thee.

Aug. 27. 1858.
Columbia, Pa.

For an Album.

"Lessons from Pompeii."

Memory's City.

I heard you speak of "lessons" past,
And with you walked the City's street,
Whose speaking walls their echoes cast
Though naught of life was there to meet.

'Tis true Pompeii has no tread
Of multitudes with hasty feet;
It is a City of the dead,
And hath no voice our voice to meet.

Another City, now I see,
'Tis buried, Lady, in Time's walls,
And there the fons of Memory,
In thickening numbers line its halls

And many features shadowy seem,
Save where fair Friendship sheds her light;
But thy form, Lady, now I deem,
Shall in those halls be very bright.

Sept. 30. 1858

The Happy Man.

The happy individual is supposed to say, as follows:-

"I'm the happiest man on the face of the earth, & I feel like shouting into the ears of every body whom I meet. 'I'm a happy man'. I know not how to express my feelings, but it seems to me that if I don't let off some steam, (that is, give vent to some of my thoughts) I will collapse. I suppose people think

I've been making a fool of myself, but I remember that a poet once said "dulce est desipere in loco", - (it is pleasant sometimes to play the fool).

And I think I've good reason to be joyful.

Do you wish to know the reason? Why! the best reason in the world. I'll tell you.

A few days ago many said "Yes!". It's a fact, Sir, my many said "yes." I'll tell you how it was.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, & I was walking through the shaded street on the way to her father's home. Everything was still & quiet, except perhaps the beatings of our hearts;-

mine almost frightened me. The houses were closed, - lamps were out, & the street was deserted. As far as we were concerned, we two might have been the only persons in creation. At least I thought that the center of the world was where we stood, and that the only inhabitant beside myself was Mary. As we walked along, side by side, slowly & ~~silently~~ ^{silently}, I crowded to my heart the little hand that rested on my arm.

Then I gazed for a moment on the bright fleecy clouds that were swiftly borne by the night breeze across the sky, & then looking into her face, & almost ceasing to walk, I said

"The night is very beautiful, Lady; earth too is very beautiful, & in the midst of such beauty, I am happy. I am happy, Lady, because I am with you. I wish I could be always with you, because I love you. Can you love me? Will you?"

And she said "Yes!" Now I want to know, who has a better right to make a fool of himself than I? I seem now to live in some such Paradise as Eden may have been. Sweet sounds

seem always to be ringing in my ears, & chief among them is a word of three letters; & whenever I look there ~~are~~^{is} continually seen the word of three letters; & when I eat, my dish seems full of these same three letters; & whenever I walk, the way seems covered with these same three letters.

Oct. 1858.

Princeton, N. J.

The Unhappy Man.

The unhappy man is supposed to say:-
 "Fother day, Sal gin' me the mitten, an' I feel
 mean, - sort o' like a Shanghai chicken, afore
 the feathers has growed on him. My ideas is so
 trampled up, that I can't talk straight no how.
 My wuds is about as crooked as a fiddler's ^{elbow} or
 a dog's hind leg. I think I could whip
 all creation, an' Yankee Sullivan, an' Tom
 Hyer, an' Morrissey, an' the Benicia Boy besides.
 Afore Sal said "No," I was a respectable
 sort of feller; kind o' like what you might
 call a decent sort o' feller. Now I feel
 jist like sittin' still an' doin' nothin' else
 but rippin' an' rearin' an' tearin' an' cussin'
 an' swearin'. I feel tired, - jist as if I
 had a-been a-ridin' on the comet, or slidin'
 on ^a rainbow. I don't want nothin'
 to do with nobody. I'd rather live alone in a
 house full of dogs a-barkin', snakes a-hissin',
 bears a-growtin', an' ten-horns a-blowin', than

talk to any living soul, - except Sal.

Oct. 1858.

Princeton. N.J.

Translations.

These translations as transcribed, are the same, as when originally written; the errors have been retained.

N^o. 1.

Horace 1st. Book, 24th ode.

To Virgil.

What shame or ^{restraint} ~~regret~~ may there be to our regret for the loss of so dear a person?

Oh! Melpomene, to whom The Father has given a clear voice with the lyre, teach me sorrowful songs.

Then indeed does perpetual sleep oppress Quinctilius! - to whom, can Modesty and uncorrupted Faith, (the sister of Justice), and plain Truth ever find an equal?

He has fallen mourned by many good persons; mourned by no one more than by thee O! Virgil.

In vain, alas, do you, pious, demand of the
 gods, Quinctilius, not thus entrusted to thee.
 Because if, more bland than the Thracian
 Orpheus, you should tune the harp heard by
 the trees, the blood would not return to the
 vain image, which Mercury, not mild to
~~shout~~ out the fates by your prayers, has driven
 with his horrid wand in the dark crowd.

It is hard! But whatever is impossible
 to correct becomes lighter by patience.

1850

Lawrenceville, N.J.

No. 2.

2^d. Book, 2^d ode. To Sallustius Crispus.

O! Crispus Sallustius, who art an enemy to money,
 there is no beauty to silver hidden in the
 avaricious earth, unless it shines by temperate
 use. Proculus, known for his paternal
 mind toward his brothers, shall live for a great
 length of time; Fame, still surviving, shall

bear him on an untiring wing.

You shall reign more broadly by subduing your restless spirit than if you should join Libya to remote Hadiz.

Direful dropsy grows upon you by your own indulgence; nor has it driven away Thirst, unless the cause of the disease has escaped by the veins, & the watery languor from the pallid body.

Virtue, dipping from the populace, excepts from the number of the happy, Phalaris, returned ~~from~~ ^{to} the throne of Gyre; & teaches the people to disuse false names, bearing away the Kingdom & safe diadem & proper laurel to that one who looks with undimmed eye upon immense heaps of money.

1851

Lawrenceville N. J.

No. 3.

2^d Book, 10th ode . To Licinius.

O! Licinius, you will live more in accordance with reason by neither always urging upon the deep, nor whilst you cautious fear ^{greatly} the rough winds, by pressing too near the dangerous shore.

Whom chose the golden mediocrity may safely want the filth of a miserable *Calode*, - more temperate, is fed from a palace an object of envy.

Often the great pine is agitated by the winds, & the high towers fall with a heavier crash, & the lightnings strike the highest mountains.

The well-prepared breast hopes for a different lot in unhappy affairs, it fears in prosperous.

Jupiter brings down the great winters; the same removes them. And if it is evil now, it will not always be so.

Formerly Apollo ^{exactly} ~~stretches~~ the silent Muse with his lyre; nor does he always stretch his

his low. Appear brave & courageous in
straitened affairs; likewise wisely draw together
your sails swollen with too prosperous a
wind

1851

Laurencville N.J.

The Crescent & the Cross.

On the Arabic plains of the East walks one bearing a banner, from whose folds shines forth a young moon. Its silver horns are but slender & dimly seen through the mist; while, as the dark clouds sweep across it, driven by the fierce winds, its pale light is almost hidden.

The night is dark, & long will it be before the morning dawns. But few stars twinkle in the sky, & those, whose beams do struggle through the surrounding opacity, shine with a baleful light.

The strange light, which shines from that stranger moon, instead of being hailed with joy as the dissipator of the darkness, is looked on with distrust, & fear, & hatred. That Crescent Moon shines not with a clear & healthful light; & the nations distrust it. Some, as if struck with a premonition of the future, hide in fear of its light; while the many cry out against it in hatred, & if directors of the scene, would hurl it & its fierce beams back to their primal obscurity.

But that

strange, ensign advances; - the Crescent Moon brightens; - men quake before it; even those who hated its light now lift their voices in its praise. The clouds begin to disappear, & through the darkness those beams penetrate with more facility, while the fierce beam of that banner walks with a more stately tread, as his presence is received with reverence, or at least with fear.

Another scene. In another part of that same East, - on the once fruitful soil, & beneath the even now pleasant sky of Palestine, a tragical scene is occurring. Judea has long been in a state of excitement, Jerusalem is in a fever of agitation. Excited crowds are running to & fro; bands of armed men patrol in their midst to restrain any flagrant outbreak of action. There are ~~at~~ ^{these} malefactors led to crucifixion; but the densest masses are collected about ^{one of them} a man, whose mild aspect would surprise you as belonging to one who was being led as a common malefactor. Anguish is depicted

on his brow, down which drip the bloody evidences of torture. His step is weary & slow, as he toils up the rugged ascent, while the shouts of the infuriated mob sound fiercely on his ear.

He is bearing the instrument of his own torture. A heavy Cross is bound upon his back, & every step he takes, its weight would seemingly press him to the earth. That Cross was

intended as a cross of shame, & he who bore it to Calvary was to suffer ignominiously on it.

But it is a cross of glory, & the light which spreads from it is to ~~spread~~ illumine the world.

Place the Man of the Cross, & the man of the Crescent side by side, & in the persons of Jesus Christ & Mahomet we recognise the leaders of the religions of the Bible & the Koran, - the expounders of the doctrines of the Crescent & the Cross.

Follow we then that Crescent & that Cross in their own progress, & the progress of their bearers through the world.

In one of the richest cities of Arabia was born the

founder of the religion of the Quoran. Descended from a noble ancestry he indeed was, but ~~the~~ ^{his} early deprivation of his parents made him a dependant on the charity of others.

His childhood & youth may therefore be said to have passed in obscurity. The attention of relatives was bestowed on him so that he should not be in actual want, yet his education was neglected, & ~~at~~ we find him at the age of thirteen commencing the life of a merchant in one of the Arabian caravans. Whether the plan of his religion was first laid here, we know not, but probably in the many years he spent in traversing those trackless seas of sand, & mingling with all classes of people & characters of mind, he acquired by discrimination & accurate observation such a knowledge of the mind & the various avenues of approach, as admirably fitted him for becoming the leader in a religion that was to astound the world. He learned the chief motives that were to actuate men, &

by this great knowledge of human nature added to his natural boldness, he was being prepared for the wonderful mission he afterwards took upon himself. His diligence & integrity in the merchant-service of a rich Meccan widow, induced her marriage with him. After thirteen years of married life he left ^{his} home, & retiring to a cave, led the life of recluse. Here in the silence of seclusion, - alone with his own thoughts, he matured his religious scheme, by whose tenets he intended to unite the world in one grand union the sects of the world. He threw around himself the mystery of an hermit, & announcing that his hours of retirement were spent in communion with the Deity, he added to his person the sanction of divinity.

The world was going on in its usual course, while in that Arabian cave was being evolved a plan ~~that~~ was to produce a religion for half a globe.

Imagine the stern Recluse sitting in his

solitude. The lines of thought are written deep
 on his brow, - his experiment is hazardous, &
 care is required. That little cave is a world
 of itself, for its rough walls contain one who is
 to figure before the world. From the
 darkness of that cave, & introducing a new
 light into the world, emerged Mahomet with
 his Quoran. Mild means were the first
 instruments used in the propagation of his
 new tenets; but soon he appears with his
 true colors, & bade his followers use coercive
 means. His Crescent Moon was
 waxing; its light did struggle through the
 other religions of the earth, but they were
 pernicious rays, & men trembled even while
 they used its light. With the converts
 he had already made he commenced a more
 open ^{mode of} warfare; but a cloud drove before
 that Crescent Moon, for popular fury rising,
 he was obliged to flee to Medina, & his
 followers were scattered. The cloud passed;
 & his forces being again collected, after

many battles insignificant in the numbers engaged, but important in results, he risked his fortunes in a pitched battle against three times his own forces. He was victorious & from that day the progress of his power was rapid & extensive.

With the Qur'an in one hand & the sword in the other he presented to the conquered the option of the reception of the former or destruction by the latter. Nation after nation thus fell before his power, for he arrogated to himself not only spiritual but civil supremacy.

His star was in the ascendant, - his moon was indeed crescent. He thus overran all his own country & the surrounding nations, Arabia, Persia, & all the countries of the East cast aside their old religion & adopted the doctrines of Islam. But these conquests, so rapid & so complete, were not without much bloodshed. Fierce were the conflicts which the sword of Mahomet had to wage against his enemies. His opponents were numerically

superior, but the wild fury & religious frenzy of his adherents were sufficient to supply any want in number. A devoted few can work wonders. An utter disregard of life characterised these battles. None, refusing to accept the new religion were spared by the Prophet. Hence, multitudes of prisoners were massacred.

Perhaps one reason why the followers of Mahomet risked their lives so recklessly for him, was the promise to those that fell in his cause of the fullest enjoyment of paradise. The sensual delights there held out made his creed a very attractive one to the human heart. The ages of eternity were to be spent in feasting & drinking in the company of beautiful Houris. Placid streams flowing through rich plains, adorned with the most luxuriant of vegetable productions, were to add beauty & freshness to the scene that was to greet the eye of the faithful. Melodious sounds wafted on the scented breeze were ever to delight the ear. Luscious fruits were to hang on every

brought within the reach of every hand.

The "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" drew on his followers by the same means as did Mahomet, but the objects of the two Prophets were different. Mahomet wished to unite the schismatic Arabic tribes & gain himself a great name. The Veiled Prophet had in view only ~~the~~ ^{his} present gratification, & the satisfaction of revenge.

Among the various sects that fell before the power of Islam were the old Persian religionists, - the "Fire Worshipers". Long were their struggles for life, & the Persian annals transcribed by the pen of a Moore & embellished by his fancy have been immortalized to all readers of that poeticaly beautiful. Who can so control his feelings as to restrain them from an outburst in following the sorrows of an Fluida, - the misfortunes of an Hafez.

With the cry "there is no God but God, & Mohammed is his Prophet", they admitted that Jesus Christ was a prophet, though inferior to Mahomet. Zeal for the recovery of the Holy

city - & the sepulcher where ~~the~~ ^{Christ's} ~~Reopkett's~~ body lay
entombed, led them them to capture Jerusalem.

The contest to maintain their possession gave
rise to the Crusades, that so long convulsed
Europe, & whose influence extend even to
this day.

Observe the effects which
that Reclus of the Meccan Cave was to exert
on the world. Jerusalem was in the hand
of the infidel Turk, & Christendom must
rush to the rescue. From the various nations
of Europe came the enemies of the Crescent.

England sent forth her sturdy warriors, with
her Richard of the Lion-Heart. France, -
accomplished in arms, with her Geoffrey;
Germany with her hosts of soldiery; Spain, Italy,
all went forth from castle & palace & hut, &
rushing across the plains of Europe sought
the Turk at the gates of the Holy City.

Again & again did grand armies, collected by
the pity of princes, the decrees of popes, or the
calls of fanatical preachers, leave their
European homes to wander on Palestinian

plains. Various was their success. Of some
 armies, large numbers perished on their way, -
 disease slew its thousands, - famine slew its
 thousands, & what disease & Famine left, the
 Sword slew. Thus army after army fell away
 like the melting of our own snows, their
 bones whitening on foreign shores. Repeatedly
 was the city taken, & as often was it lost.

Captured at last, it became the object of pious
 pilgrimage from all nations of Christendom.

Now that Crescent Moon had increased, when
 its beams could so vie with the regal stars
 of European greatness!

Conquered again by the Turks, the upholders
 of Mohammedan power, the Holy City with the
 sacred shrines has in our own day become
 one of the objects of political contention, - a ground
 of quarrel between Islam & a rival power.

Did the Recluse of the Cave, in his wildest
 dreams of fame & influence, ever think that
 the followers of his doctrines would be able
 successfully to resist the encroachments of the

largest nation of the world, & even enlist the assistance of Christian nations? Think of it, - the Cross fighting for the Crescent!

But why stands the Crescent in need of such assistance? The Crescent Moon is waning, - it is sinking again to the horizon, - its light has grown more baleful. Men do not ^{now} stand in fear of its power. It still shines forth from the folds of the banner, but with diminished luster. Its ~~bears~~ ^{bearers} are no longer like the fiercer Original, - & soon bears, & banner, & emblem shall fall.

But the Cross & its Bearer, - what of them? The stable of a wretched inn of a small town in Judaea was the scene of the birth of Jesus Christ.

Descended, he indeed was, from the regal family of David, ^{but} by a reduction of circumstances he was now the offspring of humble parentage. Yet angels sang his coming; for on the fertile plains of Palestine, as the shepherds nightly watched their flocks, to their

astounded vision appeared a band of holy beings,
the burden of whose song was,

"To you in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,

A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,"

His star had arisen in the east, & the wisest
of Persian literati brought their costly offerings
& humble worship, guided by its light.

Retirement to a wilderness, - seclusion
from society, - fasting, & communion with the
Deity, - & great temptations prepared him for
his public ministry. Though received with
opposition ~~with~~ at first, & even losing his life,
his doctrines gradually spread abroad.

Looking on Jesus merely as ^a man, there is much
similarity between his career & that of Mahomet
Both were descended from lofty ancestry, though
immediate parentage & family circumstances
were humble; they prepared themselves for
their public ministry by retirement; they
both met with severe opposition, but their
darkest hours were precedent to the first impulse

of success. Yet they differ as the poles apart in their character, modes, & doctrine.

If we follow Christ in his public acts, we find them all characterised by Kindness & an ample desire to alleviate suffering, whether physical, mental, or moral, of the human race. His every action was ~~the~~ impelled by Kindness, - wisdom was the mark of his instructions, the highest morality the world has known, - the soundest philosophy - the purest motives were the subjects or the inferences of all his public remarks.

When he died, dignifying by his death the meanest instrument of torture & leaving it an emblem of his religion, he had on earth a devoted few, who zealously began to propagate his doctrines. A generation from the time that the glory of his religion seemed eclipsed & sunk in remediless ruin with the darkness which shut out the sun's light when the God-Man expired, - his name had been everywhere preached. To every shore had the Cross been carried, the light which attached to it,

when born by its illustrious bearer, though it had not dispelled, had illumined the darkness which pervaded the world. Most violent were the efforts made to suppress the truth. In vain.

Truth is Hydra-headed. The place vacated by the destruction of one point of power was refilled by the advent of a double reinforcement.

The truth found its way to the hearts of thousands. The preaching of one was effectual to the conversion of multitudes, who each became apostles to others.

Lawe the most stringent, - decrees the most regally imperious, - trials the most severe, & persecutions the most destructive were insufficient to prevent the progress of the cross. It trod forward in spite of all opposition.

Ten persecutions by the Roman emperors, in which thousands on thousands lost their lives, seemed not in the least to check its advance.

As has been truly said, "the blood of the Martyrs was the seed of the Church." For ages Rome, both in her Pagan & her Papal power sought to crush it by the most rigorously stringent measures;

20
but all in vain. The bodies of its beavers might
perish in the flame or in the jaws of wild beasts,
but the Cross stood out unscathed. Such was
its inherent power & the influence of the example
of those Christian martyrs that as it fell from
their dying hands, it often found an imme-
diate supporter in one of its very persecutors.

The Reformation, as it brought
out the more distinctly the crucial gray which
the accumulated corruptions of ages had
hidden, also delighted ~~at~~ the fires of persecution.
For long years afterward those fires raged.

Mary of England, appropriately called "the Bloody",
in her bigoted zeal for the Romish Church,
spared neither age, sex, condition, or talent.
The humble cottager & the learned ecclesiastic fell
alike victims to her persecuting power.

A French emperor sought to annihilate at
one blow, the influence of the Cross in his
dominions, but St Bartholome's Day, instead of
being known as the anniversary of the de-
struction of Christianity, is marked in history

as an infamous day, immortalized indeed, & immortalizing the name of Leharles, but with a fame so black with dishonor, that no one would wish to retain it. England, France, Spain, Italy have all been theaters, in which the Cross has had to struggle against bitterest foes.

Whence, in face of such opposition, it has gained the ascendancy what incalculable blessings result! What has not the religion of the Cross, - the Bible, - done for the world? Everything which contributes to our happiness & comforts may be directly traced to it as the cause. The nations that hold or ever have held an exalted political, ^{or literary} position owe that station to the Bible. Examine every great epoch of such nations, & you find it preceded by some unusual exhibition of glory on the part of religion.

Learning injured in the cloisters of the monastic institutions of Europe, fostered occasionally by an intelligent monk; but beyond those walls it was proscribed. In those monasteries professedly devoted to the

ists of the Romish Church, - too frequently
 debased to the vilest purposes, - who harbored
 many minds thirsting for learning, who alone
 & unaided became the pioneers of science, - the
 veteran pioneers of the age. But when
 the Reformation burst forth, - when Bible
 truths became known, - when the Cross, long
 neglected, was elevated & spread abroad its
 light, learning dared to advance with bolder
 steps. At first slowly; for we find a Galileo
 obliged against his own reason to deny the
 truth of the stationary sun, & the actually
 revolving earth. Are not nations most
 distinguished in good government & advancement
 in learning noted also to their love of the Bible?
 Wherever the Cross has gone it has elevated the
 social, moral, & political character of ^{the} people.
 Take from England her Bible, & you take from her
 her free institutions, her glory, - her learning, her
 pride - her power as a nation, - her boast.
 Deprive our own America of her Bible, & you
 impoverish, degrade, & starve, ruin her morally

& politically. Our people would not be a free, active race, as now. Learning would decrease, - the halls of Science would become tenanted, - mercantile enterprise would retrograde. The rightly laden ship, - the steamer, - the factory, - the artisan, - would disappear, - & in their place would come indolence, sloth, & poverty. Instead of well-cultivated farms rewarding the husbandman for his labor, would be found a wide waste, an almost desert.

Forty years ago a beautiful group of islands in the Pacific were deeply sunk in the lowest heathenism. Nature had done every for those beautiful islands. They were almost paradisiacal. In a tropical climate, yet fanned by the breezes of ocean, - covered with a luxuriant vegetation, - spontaneously productive, - the groves luscious with the perfumes exhaled from numberless flowers, & sweet-scented shrubs, - & this scene unbroken by the advent of dreary winter. But those islands were often the theaters of scenes rivaling those of Pandemonium.

What was wanting that those islets are thus unhappy?
 The answer is that "The every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?"

The Bible is not there! The Cross had not
 yet been carried thither. Infanticide was
 deeply prevalent, human sacrifices constituted
 a part of the ordinances of every unusual oc-
 currence. Bloody & sometimes almost exter-
 minating wars were carried on, & under
 their depopulating influence many of the fair
 islets are now without an inhabitant.

But the beavers of the Cross appeared; they toiled
 faithfully, - year after year, seemingly without
 beneficial result, - often in danger, - continually
 enduring annoyance, until the stony hearts
 were broken, the callous softened, the cold
 warmed by the beams of divine grace, & now
 behold the Sandwich Islands a nation happy,
 free, enlightened, literary, religious, civilized equally
 as any nation of the globe that has had the
 blessings of civilization for a century, & occupying
 an important relation to other nations both

politically & commercially. The bearers of the Cross have gone into every part of the world, publishing & explaining the doctrines of the Bible. On the mountains, - in the valleys, on the desert, on the luxuriant plain, on the islands, on the ocean, everywhere have they wandered, & everywhere their bones repose. They were the noble of the earth, - those bearers of the Cross; they were on the highest mission in which man can embark.

A Henry Martyn gave his eminent talents to the work, & labored hard until in the midst of his youth & toilsome duty, he sank down & died. In the town of Jocat, at the foot of the Persian mountains, beneath a simple slab, through negligence almost hidden by the accumulated rubbish of years, lie ~~the~~ his remains. But what if he lie in Persia, - or India, - or England, - Africa, - or America? The same God watches over all, & he ~~shall~~^{will} gloriously rise to meet his reward.

Among the Isles of the Sea, the rock-bound St Helena contains

the remains of another bearer of the Cross.
 There reposes the fair, the amiable, the ac-
 complished! On her way homeward from the
 missionary ground where she had worn out
 her strength, Mrs Judson, sinking rapidly
 towards the vale of death, was removed ~~to~~^{down}
 to this rocky isle from the ship that bore her,
 where she soon fell away in grief. She sleeps
 there as well as if in her own America.

On ~~that~~ same Isle with her reposed the
 remains of Buonaparte. She slept with the
 great in her death. But what is a
 dead Napoleon more than other piece of clay?
 Away with such an honor for the dead!
 He no she reck of such among the past.
 Her honor was to be a Soldier of the Cross.

And others we have heard of,
 to some of us not unknown, as Lowrie,
 Simpson & others, Who sank beneath the billow deep,
 To early find a grave;
 They calmly, safely, sweetly sleep,
 Beneath the treacherous wave.

We have met on Washington's Birth-day; a Bible Society has met on Washington's Birth-day! It is well. The great Father of his Country was a lover of his own & that country's God. As a lover of God he gloriéd in the Cross of Christ, & revered the Bible. His Bible principles made him the Great man he was, & drew on him God's blessing.

If we rejoice in the day ~~God~~ gave birth to such a man, & honor him for being the means of our country's redemption, shall we not honor God for His Bible ~~that~~ so directed him? Shall we not be lovers of the Bible across Washington? Shall we not be soldiers, - bearers, - of the Cross? Young Americans, let no power wrest from you this invaluable blessing; without it our country is lost. With it she will become the praise of the earth; for the Bible is to last when Roman Catholicism & Mohammedianism & the other false rites are vanished.

The Crescent Moon has risen, has waxed, has increased,

has decreased, has waned, is still waning, is sinking,
 will soon be lost beneath the horizon forever!!
 The cursed yet honored cross has risen steadily,
 fearlessly, advancing, & is not to cease until
 its sacred light has shone on every sin-lust
 son of earth.

"Sion's King shall reign victorious, -
 All the earth shall own his sway, -
 He will make his kingdom glorious,
 He shall reign through endless day!"

Washington's Birth day, 1855

Laurenceville N. J.

Delivered before the "Laurenceville C. & M. High-
 School Bible Society."

Life-Song.

For my window my lute leaneth,
 But its chords unstricken be;
 Yet the silence only meaneth
 That its singing silently,
 For it always sings for me, -
 Sometimes, - with a voice, -
 Now, - silently.

Next in view, a flower bloometh
 On my old geranium tree,
 When it seeks the Light, it cometh
 To my heart so earnestly,
 And a lesson sings to me.
 Tongueless, yet it sings,
 "Seek earnestly."

'Neath the sky a straw bird wingeth
 Where his slender form I see;
 And his winter-song he singeth,
 As he sports right merrily
 And he seems to sing for me, -
 Not for any other, -
 Thus merrily.

Early in the far sky gleameth
 One pale star across the sea;
 And within my soul it seemeth
 That the lone star sang to me,
 Shining thus so placidly,
 As if a real voice
 Spoke placidly

Every creature my God maketh,
 Joins in one great melody;
 And the tones my life-song maketh,
 Echo very happily.
 Life is all a song to me.
 Will it always sound
 So happily?

Only harsh rough discord breaketh
 In the varied harmony,
 If no share in our heart taketh
 While all else sings chorally.
 If still selfishness comes over me,
 My cold voice can not
 Join chorally.

When ~~the~~ Life-song yearly reciteth
 (As, from toil, the tired bee
 On a leaflet, stopping, nestleth)
 Stay thou, Sister, momentarily;
 For a word I'd speak to thee,
 By life's measured mile-stones;
 But momentarily.

If to me, all Nature speaketh,
 Surely also unto thee.
 Since she, like swift waters, seeketh
 Where depths are, - then ceaselessly
 "Singing voices" speak to thee,
 And I know you hear
 As ceaselessly.

When each natal year, swift, falleth
 In Eternity's great sea,
 May the echoes that it calleth
 Murmur only joyfully,
 As they singing come to thee.
 Oft the Past does not
 Sound joyfully.

10
Out in air a stray bird wingeth
There his slender form I see
And his winter-song he singeth
As he sports right merrily,
And he seems to sing for me,
(Not for any other)
Thus merrily.

4
Early in the far sky gleameth
One pale star across the sea,
And within my soul it seemeth
(Striving thus so placidly)
That the lone star sung to me
As if a real voice
Spoke placidly

5
Every creature my God maketh
Joins in one great melody
And the tones are Life-songs waketh
Echo very happily.
Life is all a Song to me.
Will it always sound
So happily?

Only harsh rough discord breaketh
 In the varied harmony,
 When no share my own heart taketh
 While all else sing chorally,
 If chill selfishness comes o'er me
 My cold voice can not
 Join chorally.

7

Where thy Life-Song yearly nesteth,
 (As, from tail, the tired bee,
 On a leaflet, stopping, nestleth)
 Stay thou, Sister, momentarily;
 For a word I'd speak to thee
 By Life's measured rest-note,
 But momentarily.

8

If to me all Nature speaketh
 Surely also unto thee,
~~For~~ For she, like swift waters, seeketh
 Where depths are; then ceaselessly
 "Singing voices" speak to thee,
 And I know you hear
 As ceaselessly.

When each mortal day swift falleth
 In Eternity's Great Sea,
 May the echoes that it calleth
 Pursue us only joyfully,
 As they singing come to thee.

Of the Past does not
 Sound joyfully.

10

While that echoing sound yet ringeth,
 And thou seekest to be free
 From the spell its music bringeth,
 Comes the Future constantly
 Naming duties unto thee?
 Naming work for all
 So constantly.

11

When the solemn judgment telleth,
 Bowed before the Father's Knee,
 May we join the song that rolleth
 From pure lips eternally;
 I will strike a harp with thee
 And we each shall sing
 Eternally.

Jan 21st 1859.

My Mother, - in life's early years
You printed kisses on my cheek,
And chased away the bitter tears
That ever seem the cradle weep.

Unknown to me I did not know
You watched my fragile form beside,
And by each act, your love to show,
Tried each new art before untrod

My infancy's weak toddling pace
Was oft the cause of much alarm,
And marked your sympathetic face
With grief that I should suffer harm.

All after years have been the same, -
Have made me object of your care, -
Have linked good wishes with my name, -
Have named my name in many a prayer.

72 2
But now my manly arm is strong,
And firm, now my feet can tread,
Should see that arm do Mother wrong,
That sudden vengeance strike it dead!

Now treading firm on life's sea,
I mark your slightly cautious feet;
Perhaps when they require a star,
I may not have the office sweet.

Though many years outumber mine,-
Though almond trees begin to wave,-
Excess of years gives no true sign
Which earliest shall find a grave.

A heathen priestess at her shrine
Sought for her filial pond a boon,-
The best Apollo could design,-
And prayed the gift be granted soon.

3 73

When morning rose, her sons were dead,
(The best boon that the gods could give)
The oracle had truly said,
"Tis better man should die than live".

If God grant death, a keep my life,
And bid me labor long and hard,
Whatever my station in the strife,
My Mother's love will find regard.

With the bright rays that other spread
To light the course of honored years,
My love would seek its ray to shed,
And pay with smiles my childhood tears.

My Mother, - let this simple lay,
An offering at your altar placed,
Remind you on your natal day,
That absence love has not effaced.

Date	Description	Amount
1890	Jan 1	
	Feb 1	
	Mar 1	
	Apr 1	
	May 1	
	Jun 1	
	Jul 1	
	Aug 1	
	Sep 1	
	Oct 1	
	Nov 1	
	Dec 1	
	Total	

Kisses

to my Mother on her Birth-day.

Mother! when in ~~the~~^{my} early years
You printed kisses on my cheek,
And chased away the bitter tears
That even seem the cradle seek;

2

Unknowing then I did not know
You watched my fragile form beside,
And by each act your love to show,
Tried each new art before untried.

3

My infancy's weak toddling pace
Was at the cause of much alarm,
And marked your sympathetic face
With grief that I should suffer harm.

4

All after years have been the same, -
Have made me object of your care, -
Have linked good wishes with my name, -
Have named my name in many a prayer.

5

But now my manly arm is strong,
 And firmly now my feet can tread,
 Should see that arm do another wrong,
 Than a swift vengeance strike it dead!

6

Now treading firmly on Life's way
 I mark your slightly cautious feet,
 Perhaps where they require a stay,
 I may not have the office sweet.

7

Though many years outnumber mine,
 And "almond trees" begin to wave,
 Excess of years gives no true sign,
 Which earliest shall find a grave.

8

A pagan priestess, at her shrine,
 Sought, for her filial sons, a boon;
 The best Apollo could design,
 And prayed the gift be granted soon;

9

When morning rose her sons were dead,
 (The best boon that the gods could give)
 The Oracle had truly said,
 "Tis better man should die, than live!"

10

If God grant death, O keep my life,
 And bid me labor long and hard,
 Whatever my station in the strife,
 My Mother's love will find regard.

11

With the bright rays that other spread
 To light the course of honored years,
 My love would seek its ray to shed
 And pay with smiles my childhood tears.

12

My Mother! let this simple lay,
 An offering at your altar placed,
 Remind you, on your natal day,
 That absence love has not effaced.

Jan 27th 1859.

76
Acrostic for an Album.

To Miss Hudson.

Like the ice-fields of the Winter
Here the pearl-white pages spread
In cold pureness; or like snow-banks,
Under which each blade is dead.
Zephyrs blowing in the Spring-time
Don the earth with bright array;
Zephyrs and the warm mild sun shine
Nurse the wild-flowers day to day.
In this book, now each name given
Unto leaves snow-clad before,
Ever, like the warm Spring sun-beam,
Turn to life the snow they bore.

Princeton. March. 1859.

The Oysterman's Song.

June "The Herdsman's Mountain Home."

From the eastern coast of Jersey
 I have come to sell my fish;
 Sea-bass, pogies, blackfish, oysters, -
 I can furnish what you wish.
 Here's your prime oysters!
 O! fine prime oysters, - here they go!

Where the seaweed lies the thickest
 In the Inlets quiet bay,
 Them ere oysters growed all summer,
 And were livin' tother day.
 Here's your prime &c.

They are fresh, - depend upon it, -
 Gathered only yesterday.
 If they aint, take back your money
 When again I pass this way.
 Here's your &c.

Lawrence. July. 1859.

Origin of the Peach.

The goddesses were sick & tired.

Of ambrosia & of wine,
And so they set their wits to make
A food just less divine.

2

Down from their cloudy home they came
To where Euphrates ran,
And guided by the Muses nine
Their earthly task began.

3

First, leerd bade old Terra give
A slender branching tree
And Flora donned its limbs with leaves, -
An emerald drapery.

4

Then, o'er the whole, Queen Juno cast
Her robe of purple hue;
Immediate, from the tender twigs,
The tinted blossom blew.

5

Pomona, raptur'd with the sight,
 Drew near, the flower to view;
 The petals droop'd beneath her breath,
 While forth the young fruit grew.

6

From Graces gather'd round the tree,
 Outtimes of beauty fell;
 And soon the undeveloped fruit
 Enlarged with curving swell.

7

Fair Aphrodite Kissed it then,
 As if its grace to sip;
 Straightway its solid form became
 As pulpy as her lip.

8

Gay Iris dragged a sunbeam down
 And squeezed its color out,
 Then on the fruit with random brush
 Dashed brightest hues about.

9

Diana, Pallas & their trains,
 To flavor to complete,
 Infused all earth's commingled tastes
 In one harmonious sweet.

10

Pan, having naught of grace to give,
 Said use the fruit should crown;
 So, o'er the outside smooth he spread
 A soft protecting down.

11

This fruit, thus made for goddesses,
 Bright fairy, take from me, -
 For, if a goddess you are not,
 You surely ought to be.

Lawrence. Aug. 1859. (With a gift of a basket of
 peaches to a little girl, Julia G. M.)

Gentle Lady.

Julia Grambo.

Sparkle brightly as the sunshine
Glancing o'er the rippling sea,
Yet permit one ray to wander
As a warm sunbeam to me.

Revel merry with a light heart
Wild as ever you can be,
Yet permit one happy echo
E'en one note to sound for me.

If her mind & heart have beauty
As have Julie's form & ee,
I would count it greatest favor
That she were a friend to me.

Lawrence. Sept. 1859.

The in *Albion*.

"Are they not all ministering spirit?"

Be kind and One the better side
The way by our side
And when we meet with our way,
And through our hands *Albion*.

I think the happy thoughts that come
To gild some leaden hours,
Are imparted to our sinners souls
By their good *Albion* bands.

So all the *Albion* bands that
The Father's hand hath given;
By which the good and bad thoughts
That pass from their side were given.

They fall as the *Albion* bands
As in our hearts they come,
And helping angels yet shall be
Till we have found God's Home.

Albion bands *Albion* bands.

In an Album.

The Wind that blew so sweet to-day.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth &c."

1

Raging spirit of the wild-wind!

That dost bow the pines tall top,

Where hast thou thine airy home?

From what limit hast thou come

In the wand'ring to-day?

1 2 1

Wind that blowest where thou listest!

Though so veiled in mystery,

Thy great power is not thine,

But doth come from hand divine;

And a service thou dost give.

3

Blessed Spirit of the inner heart!

Thou too movest as thou listest.

Human hearts are known to thee

Though their thoughts we can not see,

And all power is in thine hand.

Great and wondrous Holy Spirit!

From the storms within us rise

Let thine influence gentle be,

As on Samson's locks

Once thou bidst the winds be still.

...enceville Feb. 10th 1860.

Once Again, - an impromptu.

"Yes! 'once again', for who can tell

"How oft ye may the chorus swell,

"Ere life's high duties to fulfill

"And glad to do your Master's will

"O'er land, o'er sea afar ye roam

"No meet again ⁱⁿ this dear home.

"But let not thoughts of sadness rest

"Dear ones, within each joyous breast,

"For far across this changeful scene

"O'er brighter better home is seen."

Feb. 15th 1858, 3 P.M.

The above I insert because I value it. It was handed me by sister Bella on an occasion, when (having just listened to the song "Once again we shall the chorus"), I expressed ~~my~~ ^{my} inability to listen to it without ~~heightened~~ ^{heightened} emotion.

55
Acrostic for an Album.

Reminiscence of a Musical Soiree.
Even in the sweetest lays
Lost earth's children here can raise,
Lingers discord.
In the Home where live our treasures,
Each voice sings in perfect measures.

Mar 28th 1860

To the Same.

1
Ever while the Springtime grows,
Lingers Winter's chilly air;
Lingers with its frost & snows.
And its darkness everywhere

2
Thus Life's checkered scene is spread
With its we close by its gladness;
Awhile amid our joys we tread,
And then we walk in sadness.

Mar 29th 1860.

86
Acrostic for an Album.

Some names seem to us to be
Only like the Upas tree,
 Pecious with sweet allow,
He's whose name these lines contain,
I am sure will still remain
 Everywhere a source of joy.

Mar. 28th 1860.

That Pale Wan Face,

It haunts me. Its haunting is not unpleasant; for it is
an angel's face now. Heaven is brought nearer by
the thought that those who with us were inhabitants of
earth are now inhabitants of the Holy City; that those
whose dying voices spoke low & feebly, so that the ear
needed to bend attentively to catch their tones, now sing
fully & clearly in the Teraph song; that those whose eyes
dimming with death, gave flashes of light that gleamed
from the Border Land, now shine more brightly clear in
light reflected from the Jasper sea. Therefore is

the haunting of that wan face pleasant. And I say to myself that perhaps it were, now one of the Father's ministering spirits, when performing her swift mission to earth's tried & tempted ones may bring a peaceful message to the stranger who on one of the first warm days of the opening Spring sat by the couch on which ~~she~~ ^{she} reclined, & with others united this voice in the words of praise & prayer that were uttered in the precincts of sickness.

True a stranger; but somehow it doesn't require long time for Christians to become friends. That hour was enough. Acquaintance is self-revelation; & death is a great revealer.

It is not strange therefore that I should remember the day we went to visit the sick.

It seemed almost like Sunday. The Day of Rest had indeed just passed; & its holy stillness yet lingered on the horizon of the Week of Toil like the twilight glow across the lengthening arc of night. The spring rains & the warm vapoury winds of a latitude ^{somewhat} less northern than this had called vegetation into pregnant life. The wheat & the rye had sprung up rapidly; & rising thickly above the earth-clods in the drills covered their insightly

brown, & presented an even uninterrupted velvety emerald
 mass. The grass had grown so as almost to hide its dead
 spikes of last summer that had been bleaching grey
 all winter. If the sweet scent that seemed borne on
 on the air existed only in imagination, it was because
 the swelling buds of the thorn hedges gave to the nostrils,
 as Kit Math might say, "the shadow" of perfume. The old
 trees by the door were still destitute of any foliage; the
 ragged branches reminding that they had but just
 emerged from winter. It did not

seem a house of sadness; where tears might have been
 were smiles. Death was not terrible; he was stingless.
 His representation would not have been that of West's, a
 gaunt image of fleshless bones whose animation
 served only to display their loathsome hideousness,-
 but rather, as an old German painting represents
 him, a young & gentle youth of kindly tone & noble
 smile, a messenger of good. Such seemed he to the
 sufferer who had been longing for his coming.

Unable any longer to walk, she could yet
 recline easily on a sofa-couch that had been wheeled
 to the open window, for the fresh air was cooling to the

emaciated frame through which the feverish blood was
 so hasty coursing. Yet Consumption that was so fearfully
 rapidly corroding one of the props of "Life's Tripod", had
 not exhibited its influence on the hands whose gentle
 pressure signified the welcome the voice could scarcely
 find strength to utter. No had her sickness wasted
 the sufferer's face; only it was pale, - bloodlessly pale.

Through the waxey skin one could see traced as with
 a pencil over the temple the minute veins & arteries.
 Affection's hand had smoothed the sunny brown hair
 over the forehead pallid as a snow-wreath. The blue eye
 glittered so so clearly from its liquid depths; just like
 a pearl; or like the water that bubbled from the spring
 under the gnarled roots of the old elm down on the
 farm when the noon sun sent a few rays between
 the branches to the fountain beneath.

Neither the busy chirping sparrow hopping from limb
 to limb, nor the happy robin whistling on the top
 branch of the locust before the ~~door~~ window, were more
 happy than the invalid anticipating a departure from
 earth. Heaven was more beautiful than earth.
 The strange mystery that awaited the corruptible was not

10
terrible. Faith ~~was~~ ^{passed} through that veil of mystery, the
blessedness of the incorruptible, yet only "as in a glass
darkly". Enough was seen to make the soul long for
the Home when it should be satisfied. "I shall be
satisfied when I awake in Thy righteousness"; " & it doth
not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that
when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we
shall see Him as He is." Assimilation to God was a
joy the thought of which was so ecstatic, that feeble
nature could scarcely await its fruition.

When we sang of heaven, her lips moved with
us, but disease had made every energy inactive. And
whose ^{life} had been actively spent for Jesus, exulted
in the belief that the employment of the future life
may be more intensely & nobly active than our best endeavor
here. Are not they active who "serve Him day & night
in His temple." Then she repeated
her favorite words, "Jesus lover of my soul." Caught up by
another the hymn was sung softly & plaintively to the
unused but not inappropriate air of one of Franz Abt's
most beautiful songs. ^(When the sun is behind us)
But when life's candle flickers in its socket, even the best

of kindness may extinguish its flame. Rising therefore to say good-bye, it was almost an empty phrase to express to her a hope of increased strength. No, she would not be strong until when where the inhabitants do not say "I am sick."

Leaving one who was so near that "limit where we lay our burdens down", it was almost with a pang that we quitted the door, again to assume life's burden. Earth didn't look as beautiful as it did an hour before; though the air was as balmy & the colors as bright.

Almost prophetic was our good Saxon word; "Good-bye"; - "God-be-with-ye"; now is she with God. But her pale wan face still looks into my eyes as it did that day while her head leaned on ~~the~~ taper hand that was as pale as her face. And it haunts me.

(Miss Wilson,
near St Georges, Delaware)

April, 1860.

Opening Correspondence with the Board of Foreign Missions.

Letter to the Secretary.

Laurencerville N. J. May 8th 1860.

Rev. & dear Sir,

Addressing you in your official capacity, I place in your hands the accompanying documents, requesting you to lay them before the Board.

The post-office address is now (& will be during the coming summer) as above, - Laurencerville, N. J.

Sincerely & respectfully yours,
R. Hamill Nassau.

Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D. D.

Letter to the Board.

Laurencerville N. J. May 8th 1860.

To the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church;
Respected Sirs,

For some time I have been hoping God would call me to work for Him as a foreign missionary. Feeling that he who runs before he is sent may often do as much harm in God's vineyard as he, who

putting his hand to the plow is compelled to turn back, I have sought to avoid the opposite errors of uncalled zeal & possible desertion.

That I might seek direction & gather light I have thus long deferred presenting any formal application to yourselves.

Now however, possessing a constantly deepening interest in the service, - seeing no obstacle hindering me from going, - & believing I am in the way of duty, I present my name to you; asking to be sent to preach Christ's words to the heathen.

In thus asking you to take direction of that service which is Christ's, I may say that I am willing to go almost anywhere; whatever particular preference or aversion I might have, could be overcome.

I may add however that, in the event of an appointment, I would still be unready until March 1861; at which time a medical course I am now pursuing will be completed.

Understanding that it is desired of applicants that, in addition to the statement of their motives & reasons for seeking the foreign work, they should present an outline of their lives, I herewith send such an outline & such a statement.

Very respectfully yours, Robert Knapp Nassau.

Outline of Life.

I am now 24 years old, having been born Oct 11th 1835, on a farm in the village of Montgomery Square, Montgomery Co. Pa, whether my father had retired, ^{to engage in sedentary pursuits} after his loss of health had compelled him to desert the pastoral duties of the ministry. In May 1840 my parents removed to Easton Pa, where my education was conducted by them, almost entirely at home.

Here also my classical studies were commenced under the direction of my father; & in Nov. 1849, I was admitted to the Freshman Class in La Fayette College.

Father having resigned his Presidency of the College, & having removed to this village in Oct. 1850, it was deemed best, on account of my youth & somewhat delicate health, to intermit my college course. I therefore spent a year as a pupil in the High School of my uncles the Rev. Messrs Hamill in this place. That year was passed unhappily in a vain effort to overcome a vague unrest, the cause of which I did not know & a cure for which I could not find. When after some time I recognized it as the influence of the Holy Spirit arousing from me from the peace which a faultless

morality had induced, I did not openly resist, but negligently waited, praying for pungent conviction.

In Oct. 1851 I joined the Sophomore Class in the College of New Jersey, carrying with me my secret restlessness & sinful sluggishness. From this I was aroused by the deeply ^{impressive} ~~interesting~~ death & funeral exercises of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander. But now when I sought Jesus, I could not find Him; my prayer for conviction was answered with fearful literalness, until rising from despair & almost self-destruction, I cast myself helpless on Him. He set my feet on a Rock.

Perhaps I was an unconscious Christian before; but from Nov. 19th 1851 my peace has been as a river that has calmly deepened & widened.

In the following year, Jan. 1852, I united with the church in this place, under the care of the Rev. Abram Gasman.

Graduating from College in June 1854, being uncertain as to my duty in respect of the ministry, I entered my uncle's High School as a teacher.

Remaining there for two years, I entered ^{the} ~~my~~ Theological Seminary at Princeton in Sept, 1856.

Three months of the summer vacation of 1857 were spent

as a colporter under our Board of Publication in Western Missouri & the adjacent parts of Kansas.

The same length of time in the summer of 1858 was passed among the boatmen on the Pennsylvania Canal as a missionary of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association.

Immediately after my graduation from the Seminary in April 1859, I was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. Since that time I have been pursuing a ~~se~~regular course in the study of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, & with George White M.D. in this place.

My health, frail in infancy & delicate even in youth, became stronger as I passed toward manhood; & that these latter years have brought me now to uninterrupted perfect health. To complete the statement, perhaps I should mention that the only physically weak point of which I am conscious is my eyes; not the sight (that is excellent) but the lids. Their chronic inflammation, which under use abates, I do not regard; for it is a remnant of childhood & is yielding to simple remedies.

R. H. Nassau.

Statement of Reasons & Motives.

If asked why I apply to be sent as a foreign missionary, I might answer (very vaguely indeed, but sufficiently satisfactorily to myself) that I wanted to go, & thought I ought to go. And if pressed for more definite reason back of this, I candidly say I can offer no one striking reason, nor mention any one circumstance clearly showing to others that it is my duty to go; but if permitted would give a series of cumulative evidence, thus:—

Negatively. (1) Not Romance. Whatever of romance may have existed in my boyhood's anticipation of foreign missionary life, I feel assured I have been divested of it by calmer reflection of succeeding years, — by reading missionary journals, — & by conversation with missionaries themselves. However incorrect may have been my notions of that work of which I dreamed even before I professed a faith in Christ, a sense (doubtless even yet inadequate) of the reality of life, — of a Christian's duty, — & of the difficulties of heathenism has assisted to efface from Missions the false color that a glorification of "heroic-self-sacrifice" has unfortunately often depicted.

(2) Not Ambition. I humbly trust that

the false ambition which seeks self-elevation, fame, or mere honor of one's own name has no part in my request. The short lives, - seemingly fruitless efforts, - hidden positions, & often unrecorded names of missionaries admonish that if I have ambition to gratify, America would furnish a better sphere. If indeed I unconsciously possess such a spirit, I yet know that so incompatible is it with missionary success that on discovering its eradication would be a primary duty.

Positively (1) Sympathy for the heathen. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord", & possessing a hope of salvation, my heart has been prompted to make known the same way to those sitting in darkness. I wish to help save the heathen from the punishment due unrepentant & unrepentant sin.

(2) An appreciation of my individual relation to the work. Many would like to ~~go~~ but can not go; some must; I can go. I know of nothing to prevent me. God has hedged no difficulties in my way, but having brought me into the ministry, has set ^{before} me "the world" & not simply America as "the field", in which to operate.

(3) Obedience to the commandment, - "preach the gospel

to every creature". I know indeed that by staying here, this command could be obeyed; but not in its widest-sense. The gospel is not yet spoken to every creature & in every land.

(4) A desire for God's glory.

I wish that I may be an instrument in God's hands of extending his declarative glory. If God be honored in lands now ignorant of Him, let him have all the glory & that I be an humble means of its extension.

(5) A belief that God has implanted a wish for this work.

I know of no other way to account for its possession. Fourteen years ago, my childish answer to the frequent-strangers' question, "Well, what are you going to be when you grow up to be a man?" - was, - "a minister, - a missionary". My pious parents had probably suggested the life of a minister; whence came the idea of a missionary, I know not. That I was to be & would be a Christian, I expected as fully as that I was to die. And if a Christian, a minister; & if a minister, a missionary. My parents never spoke to me on the subject until I mentioned it to them a few years since. Doubtless the implanted idea ^{has} been fostered by my readings &

& by the known wishes of a dear sister whose heart has long been with the heathen. But had it been only a childhoods dream fostered by her wish & my reading, she has unreflecting present years would have risen above it, - abandoned it, - & yielded to the urgent opposition of some of my friends.

(6) From a review of Gods dealings with me, it may appear probable that I am not mistaken in my belief. My paths of duty have ^{never} been suddenly patent & plain; but when after deliberation, advice, & prayer, any step has been taken even doubtfully, - light has ~~shined~~ in all cases shined & steadily increased. So that in pursuing my journey, though there may be darkness before, if I but look back, I find a long track of light even up to my present footstep. Thus it was in publicly professing faith; doubtfully I advanced, and all has been light. Doubtfully I entered the Seminary; & God has approved it. Until recently I hesitated in this matter, - & already I am strengthened.

(7) Since the head has thus spoken, the heart may be permitted a word. Though I could preach heathen in this country, I believe I would be

less happy here than elsewhere. A desire to be a foreign missionary is a part of my life; as much assimilated to the structure of my thoughts as is food to the tissues of my body. Every study of my sessions, - every practice of my vocations, - every experience gained, - every hope, - every plan has tended to this. NOT that America is not pleasant, - a home delightful (often tempting), - a friendships attractive, - or ties exquisite; but a long effort has schooled my heart to do without them, & now it would be a weary thought to painfully travel back the path leading to this point of experience, undoing what has been done, - stripping off one armor to array myself for a different warfare.

R. H. N.

For an Album.

1
 With heavy throbs the midnight hour
 Sounds down the darkened hall,
 And from the whispering pines I hear
 The whooping owl's shrill call.

2
 The cool night air steals pleasantly
 Through the half-uplifted sash;
 But the sad still stars that twinkle by
 Give my thoughts a sober dash.

3
 The clock will strike for many an hour,-
 The night-wind will not cease its blowing,-
 The quiet stars will rise & shine,
 When I of earth shall be unknowing.

4
 Yet shall I not be all unknown
 While friends still think of me,-
 Such friends as you & I have been.
 Such let us ever be.

Lawrence. Aug 17th 1860.

For an Album.

Ever in life the Future brings
 Promise of coming joy;
 But never in life that future comes
 Unmixed with sad alloy.

2

And then from out the fading Past
 We bring its scenes to view,
 While Memory lives them over again
 And would their joys renew.

3

No scenes so cheer the weary eye,
 Thus peering in the past,
 As friendships of the school-day hour;
 They linger to the last.

4

When thus you view your schoolday times,
 I wish that you would blend
 With schoolmate thoughts a thought of me
 An "incidental" friend.

Laurence. Aug. 17th. 1860.

For an Album. A Maiden's Name.

(Mary Garrison)

I asked a maiden's name:
 And she maiden's name was Mary.
 The music of her voice,
 And of her eye the light;
 The kindliness attractive
 As a star in gloomy night;
 And the easy grace of mien
 With its gentleness so shy:-
 If I asked the maiden's name
 These were good reasons why.
 So I asked the maiden's name;
 And they said her name was Mary.
 A few years have gone by
 Since they said her name was Mary,
 But because it sounded sweetly
 Thus in the years gone by
 It is just the reason why
 I still like to name the maiden Mary.

Aug. 22^d 1860. Lawrence.

Little Sunbeam.
For an Album. An Allegory. (Julie Grant)

A sunbeam glanced into a vale,-
('Twas a little sunbeam too)-
Its warm light lit the flowers & trees
That in the valley grew.

The flowers love the light sunbeam,
(Nor do the trees love less),
Only the tall trees know ^{not} how
Affection to express.

So when a cloud shall intervene
To hide it from their sight,
The trees will sadly miss the ray
That tinged their life with light.

Lawrence Aug. 23rd. 1860.

Dedication.

Princeton N. J. Dec 13. 1851.

Most merciful God, I come before thee now feeling my own sinfulness & unworthiness, & I also know that Thou art a pure & holy God who canst not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. But O God in Thy infinite mercy Thou hast appointed a Mediator, even Jesus Christ the Righteous, through whose intercession I have come before Thee to ask forgiveness of sin & to obtain blessings which Thou alone canst give.

And as I come before Thee on this occasion to make a covenant with Thee, help me to feel my solemnity, & make me feel the greatness & goodness of that God with whom we all have to do. Help me to love Thee more & serve Thee better; & as Thou art a covenant keeping God, I desire strength to keep this covenant.

O Lord I feel that I am a great sinner, entirely unworthy of Thy mercy, - but O God, I desire if Thou hast indeed begun the good work in me, that Thou wouldst carry it on to perfection, - wouldst fill my heart with love ~~to~~ Thee, make me more entirely Thine, - & give me strength

to resist temptation to sin, doubt, & fear.

And being thus desirous, O Lord, to be Thine, do Thou take from my heart everything that is opposed to Thee; if there is anything in which I love the world more than Thee, any idol enthroned in my heart which excludes Thee, O God, tear it away, & make me love Thee alone.

O God, I resign myself to Thee to be moulded & guided at Thy will. I decide to be Thine entirely, - to know no will but Thine. Use me O God in whatever manner Thou chooseth.

If it be Thy will that I should be afflicted all my life, even that I go mourning to my grave, only give me strength to bear up under affliction, & the light of Thy countenance to guide me.

If Thou dost give me a long life, help me to spend it in Thy service; for Thy glory & the good of mankind; & help me to die a triumphant death in Thee. In whatever station of life I may be, O God make me a Christian, - humble, consistent & useful to mankind.

And O most gracious God, whenever Satan assails me & my wicked heart is prone to leave Thee, &

my love grows cold (but, O God, make me warm with
 your desire for me) then call to me, remembrance
 this my covenant with Thee, O lead back the
 wandering sheep, for I will be Thine if Thou wilt
 be mine. Now Lord am I Thine; I am not
 my own.

When O God, I come to the river of death, do Thou
 be my strength & stay; & accept & save me.

And when I am laid in the narrow house appointed
 for all living, if the eyes of any unrepentant friend
 may fall on this page grant Lord that it may
 awaken in him the same flame of love that I
 hope actuates me. Thus I seek for the sake
 of the dear Son Christ Jesus; in whom be glory &
 honor for ever. Amen

Robert H. Nassau.

A Wish. (For an Album)
Miss Breckenridge.

For all the drops of happiness
Into life's cup you've cast,-
Because I can't discharge a debt-
I'll feel whilst life shall last,-
Will please accept the earnest wish,
Which comes from earnest heart,
That heav'n would from its ample stores
Its richest gifts impart.

Toasts

1. Our Fiftieth Anniversary, - standing almost midway of the century; telling of an honored Past; pointing to an auspicious Future.

2. The Founder of the Institution, - the happy Father of many seekers for Knowledge, who, to their respect for his present years, will add reverence for his memory.

Response by Rev. J. F. Brown, D.D.

3. The Laurencetown High School, - may its administration always be as efficient and judiciously conducted as under its present united head.

Rev. S. M. Hamill.

4. Our State Gubernatorial Chair, - dignifying and dignified by its present incumbent.

Hon. C. S. Olden.

5. The Clergy, - as reapers in a spiritual harvest, with a commission from Heaven, many have here sharpened the instruments with which they would prosecute their labor.

Rev. Robert Steel, D.D.

111
6. The Medical Profession, - The Art that relieves physical suffering claims among its most illustrious devotees one who drank at this literary fountain in its early days.

Prof. S. D. Gross. M. D.

7. The Legal Profession, - Justice, - the noblest attribute of God, - often oppressed and degraded on earth, finds in Christian Law a retreat, and in Christian Lawyers able defenders.

E. W. Scudder. Esq.

Sept. 1860, Lawrenceville.

Cold and Sad.

1
 Cold on earth the snow is lying
 Wheelless, rilly, stern & sad;
 Tree & leaf are dead or dying
 All in icy garments clad.
 Loud the winter wind are moaning
 Wildly in their riot play,
 And I call their dismal groaning
 Omen of a darker day.

2
 Cold the hand of God is falling
 On this weary soul of mine,
 And each deep to deep is calling.
 (God forgive if I repine!)
 But when death comes creeping, chilling,
 Killing heart-life once so warm,
 Feeble nature is unwilling
 To abide to endure the storm.)
 f

3

When I feel the slow sure freezing
 Of the feelings once I bore,
 Something says, - would death were seizing
 With a fatal hand life's core;
 Then no longer I'd be weeping
 For the dreams I loved before;
 And within the cold grave sleeping
 Restless would be nevermore.

4

Then the shadows that are flitting
 Through my gloom burdened mind,
 While all lonely thus I'm sitting,
 Would not me a victim find,-
 Would not kneel when I am kneeling
 At my Father's Throne of Grace,-
 Would not darken every feeling
 With their own dull somber face.

5

Yet even on earth's graves are growing
 Plants oft called in childhood's mirth,
 Plants whose flowerets will be blowing
 When the spring sun warms that earth.
 And altho' the dead there sleeping
 Never come to ~~earth~~^{us} again,
 They who sadly watch are keeping
 Find those flowers cheer their pain.

6.

Shall I too, sometime, when talking
 With the forms of hopes now dead,
 Or, to seeming grave-mounds walking,
 (Grave mounds of the hopes that fled)
 Ever find those flowers springing
 That the wounds of life can heal,
 To my heart glad radiance bringing
 Where now death, cold death, I feel?

Jesus, aid me while I'm toiling
 On this Galileean sea!
 See its waves & billows boiling!
 Jesus, Master, come to me!
 Seest Thou not that I am drowning
 In this dark & angry tide?
 Save me! Thou wilt then be crowning
 All Thy other love beside.

January 1861.
 Philadelphia.

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Memento
of
Miss Baekewidge
1859?



They may kill - but they cannot
subdue me
'Tis of thee that I think - not of them.

From the wreck of the past which
has perished
Thou much I at least may recall
It hath taught me that what
I most cherished
I should be dearer than all -
In the desert a fountain is springing
In the wide waste there yet is a tree
And a bird in that solitude
singing
Which speaks thy spirit of thee.

Copied for me by Miss Margaret Buckingham
of Princeton, N. J. R. H. Hudson
1859?



